High Horse

Katy McAllister

Get up on your high horse, woman Get up on your high horse now And get up on your high horse, woman I'll make it up to you somehow

Moonlit shadow, she starts a trippin' firelight Jumpin' the trees lyin' across the right of way Silvery mornin' it glistens down the valley But she don't stop 'til we ride the night away

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Blonde braids tangle at the misty break of mornin'
Catchin' light through a dusty window pane
Lost in lust, in denial of the warnin'
She digs her heels in this stallion's flank again

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Get up on your high horse, woman You paid the price, you get to play Get up on your high horse, woman You're gonna ride to the break of day

> To the break of day To the break of day To the break of day

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